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A PIECE OF POSSIBLE HISTORY.

A SUMMER bivouac had collected together a little troop of soldiers from Jaffa, under the shelter of a grove, where they had spread their sheep-skins, tethered their horses, pitched a single tent. With the carelessness of soldiers, they were chatting away the time till sleep might come, and help them to-morrow with its chances; perhaps of fight, perhaps of another day of this camp-indolence. Below the garden-slope where they were lounging, the rapid torrent of Kishon ran brawling along. A full moon was rising above the rough edge of the Eastern hills, and the whole scene was alive with the loveliness of an Eastern landscape.

As they talked together, the strains of a harp came borne down the stream by the wind, mingling with the rippling of the brook.

"The boys were right," said the captain of the little company. "They asked leave to go up the stream to spend their evening with the Carmel-men; and said that they had there a harper, who would sing and play for them."

"Singing at night, and fighting in the morning! It is the true soldier's life," said another.

"Who have they there?" asked a third.

"One of those Ziklag-men," replied the chief. "He came into camp a few days ago, seems to be an old favorite of the king's, and is posted with his men, by the old tomb on the edge

of the hill. If you cross the brook, he is not far from the Carmel post; and some of his young men have made acquaintance there."

"One is not a soldier for nothing. If we make enemies at sight, we make friends at sight too."

"Echish here says that the harper is a Jew."

"What! — a deserter?"

"I do not know that; that is the king's look-out. Their company came up a week ago, were reviewed the day I was on guard at the outposts, and they had this post I tell you of assigned to them. So the king is satisfied; and, if he is, I am."

"Jew or Gentile, God's man or Bel's man," said one of the younger soldiers, with a half-irreverent tone, "I wish we had him here to sing to us."

"And to keep us awake," yawned another.

"Or to keep us from thinking of to-morrow," said a third.

"Can nobody sing here, or play, or tell an old-time story?"

There was nobody. The only two soldiers of the post, who affected musical skill, were the two who had gone up to the Carmelites' bivouac; and the little company of Jaffa — catching louder notes and louder, as the bard's inspiration carried him farther and farther away — crept as far up the stream as the limits of their station would permit; and lay, without noise, to catch, as they best could, the rich tones of the music, as it swept down the valley.

Soothed by the sound, and by the moonlight, and by the summer breeze, they were just in mood to welcome the first interruption which broke the quiet of the night. It was the approach of one of their company, who had been detached to Accho a day or two before; and who came hurrying in to announce the speedy arrival of companions, for whom he bespoke a welcome. Just as they were to leave Accho, he said, that day, on their return to camp, an Ionian trading-vessel had entered port. He and his fellow-soldiers had waited to help her moor, and had been chatting with her seamen. They had told them of the chance of battle to which they were returning; and two or three of the younger Ionians, enchanted at the relief from the sea's imprisonment, had begged them to let them volunteer in company with them. These men had come up into the country, with the soldiers, therefore; and he who had broke the silence of the listeners to the distant sere-

nade, had hurried on to tell his comrades that such visitors were on their way.

They soon appeared, on foot, but hardly burdened by the light packs they bore.

A soldier's welcome soon made the Ionian sailors as much at home with the men of the bivouac, as they had been through the day with the detachment from the sea-board. A few minutes were enough to draw out sheep-skins for them to lie upon, a skin of wine for their thirst, a bunch of raisins and some oat-cakes for their hunger: a few minutes more had told the news which each party asked from the other; and then these sons of the sea and these war-bronzed Philistines were as much at ease with each other as if they had served under the same sky for years.

"We were listening to music," said the old chief, "when you came up. Some of our young men have gone up, indeed, to the picket yonder, to hear the harper sing, whose voice you catch sometimes, when we are not speaking."

"You find the muses in the midst of arms, then," said one of the young Ionians.

"Muses?" said the old Philistine, laughing. "That sounds like you Greeks. Ah! sir, in our rocks here, we have few enough Muses, but those who carry these lances, or teach us how to trade with the islands for tin."

"That's not quite fair," cried another. "The youngsters who are gone, sing well; and one of them has a harp I should be glad you should see. He made it himself from a gnarled olive-root." And he turned to look for it.

"You'll not find it in the tent: the boy took it with him. They hoped the Ziklag minstrel might ask them to sing, I suppose."

"A harp of olive-wood," said the Ionian, "seems Muse-born and Pallas-blessed."

And, as he spoke, one of the new-comers of the Philistines leaned over, and whispered to the chief, "He is a bard himself, and we made him promise to sing to us. I brought his harp with me that he might cheer up our bivouac. Pray, do you ask him?"

The old chief needed no persuasion; and the eyes of the whole force brightened as they found they had a minstrel "of their own" now, when the old man pressed the young Ionian courteously to let them hear him: "I told you, sir, that we had no Muses

of our own ; but we welcome all the more those who come to us from over seas."

Homer smiled ; for it was Homer whom he spoke to,—Homer still in the freshness of his unblinded youth. He took the harp which the young Philistine handed to him, thrummed upon its cords, and, as he tuned them, said, "I have no harp of olive-wood ; we cut this out, it was years ago, from an old oleander in the marshes behind Colophon. What will you hear, gentlemen?"

"The poet chooses for himself," said the courtly old captain.

"Let me sing you, then, of '*the Olive Harp*' ; and he struck the cords in a gentle, quieting harmony, which attuned itself to his own spirit, pleased as he was to find music and harmony and the olive of peace in the midst of the rough bivouac, where he had come up to look for war. But he was destined to be disappointed. Just as his prelude closed, one of the younger soldiers turned upon his elbow, and whispered contemptuously to his neighbour, "Always *olives*, always *peace* : that's all your music's good for!"

The boy spoke too loud, and Homer caught the discontented tone and words with an ear quicker than the speaker had given him credit for. He ended the prelude with a sudden crash on the strings, and said shortly, "And what is better to sing of than the olive ?"

The more courteous Philistines looked sternly on the young soldier ; but he had gone too far to be frightened, and he flashed back, "War is better ; my broadsword is better. If I could sing, I would sing to your Ares ; we call him Mars ! "

Homer smiled gravely. "Let it be so," said he ; and, in a lower tone, to the captain, who was troubled at the breach of courtesy, he added, "Let the boy see what war and Mars are for."

He struck another prelude, and began. Then was it that Homer composed his "*Hymn to Mars*." In wild measure, and impetuous, he swept along through the list of Mars's titles and attributes ; then his key changed, and his hearers listened more intently, more solemnly, as in a graver strain, with slower music, and an almost awed dignity of voice, the bard went on :—

"Helper of mortals, hear !
As thy fires give
The present boldnesses that strive
In youth for honor ;

So would I likewise wish to have the power
 To keep off from my head thy bitter hour,
 And quench the false fire of my soul's low kind,
 By the fit ruling of my highest mind !
 Control that sting of wealth
 That stirs me on still to the horrid scath
 Of hideous battle !
 Do thou, O ever-blessed ! give me still
 Presence of mind to put in act my will,
 Whate'er the occasion be ;
 And so to live, unforced by any fear,
 Beneath those laws of peace, that never are
 Affected with pollutions popular
 Of unjust injury,
 As to bear safe the burden of hard fates,
 Of foes inflexive, and inhuman hates ! ”

The tones died away ; the company was hushed for a moment ; and the old chief then said gravely to his petulant follower, “That is what *men* fight for, boy.” But the boy did not need the counsel : Homer’s manner, his voice, the music itself, the spirit of the song, as much as the words, had overcome him ; and the boasting soldier was covering his tears with his hands.

Homer felt at once (the prince of gentlemen he) that the little outbreak, and the rebuke of it, had jarred the ease of their unexpected meeting. How blessed is the presence of mind with which the musician of real genius passes from song to song, “whate’er the occasion be” ! With the ease of genius, he changed the tone of his melody again, and sang his own hymn, “To Earth, the Mother of all.”

The triumphant strain is one which harmonizes with every sentiment ; and he commanded instantly the rapt attention of the circle. So engrossed was he, that he did not seem to observe, as he sang, an addition to their company of some soldiers from above in the valley, just as he entered on the passage, —

“ Happy, then, are they
 Whom thou, O great in reverence !
 Art bent to honor. They shall all things find
 In all abundance ! All their pastures yield
 Herds in all plenty. All their roofs are filled
 With rich possessions.*

* After Chapman.

High happiness and wealth attend them,
 While, with laws well-ordered, they
 Cities of happy households sway ;
 And their sons exult in the pleasure of youth,
 And their daughters dance with the flower-decked girls,
 Who play among the flowers of summer !
 Such are the honors thy full hands divide ;
 Mother of Gods and starry Heaven's bride ! ”

A buzz of pleasure and a smile ran round the circle, in which the new comers joined. They were the soldiers who had been to hear and join the music at the Carmel-men's post. The tones of Homer's harp had tempted them to return; and they had brought with them the Hebrew minstrel, to whom they had been listening. It was the outlaw David, of Bethlehem Ephrata.

David had listened to Homer more intently than any one; and, as the pleased applause subsided, the eyes of the circle gathered upon him, and the manner of all showed that they expected him, in minstrel-fashion, to take up the same strain.

He accepted the implied invitation; played a short prelude; and, taking Homer's suggestion of topic, sang in parallel with it:—

“ I will sing a new song unto thee, O God !
 Upon psaltery and harp will I sing praise to thee.
 Thou art He that giveth salvation to kings,
 That delivereth David, thy servant, from the sword.
 Rid me and save me from those who speak vanity,
 Whose right hand is a right hand of falsehood, —
 That our sons may be as plants in fresh youth ;
 That our daughters may be as corner-stones, —
 The polished stones of our palaces ;
 That our garners may be full with all manner of store ;
 That our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in the way ;
 That there may be no cry nor complaint in our streets.
 Happy is the people that is in such a case ;
 Yea, happy is the people whose God is the Lord ! ”

The melody was triumphant, and the enthusiastic manner yet more so. The Philistines listened delighted,—too careless of religion, they, indeed, not to be catholic in presence of religious enthusiasm; and Homer wore the exalted expression which his face seldom wore. For the first time since his childhood, Homer felt that he was not alone in the world !

Who shall venture to tell what passed between the two minstrels, when Homer, leaving his couch, crossed the circle at once,

flung himself on the ground by David's side, gave him his hand; when they looked each other in the face, and sank down into the rapid murmuring of talk, which constant gesture illustrated, but did not fully explain to the rough men around them? They respected the poets' colloquy for a while; but then, eager again to hear one harp or the other, they persuaded one of the Ionian sailors to ask Homer again to sing to them.

It was hard to persuade Homer. He shook his head, and turned back to the soldier-poet.

"What should *I* sing?" he said.

They did not enter into his notion: hearers will not always. And so, taking his question literally, they replied, "Sing? Sing us of the snow-storm, the storm of stones, of which you sang at noon."

Poor Homer! It was easier to do it than to be pressed to do it; and he struck his harp again:—

"It was as when, some wintry day, to men
Jove would, in might, his sharp artillery show;
He wills his winds to sleep, and over plain
And mountains pours, in countless flakes, his snow.
Deep it conceals the rocky cliffs and hills,
Then covers all the blooming meadows o'er,
All the rich monuments of mortals' skill,
All ports and rocks that break the ocean-shore.
Rock, haven, plain, are buried by its fall;
But the near wave, unchanging, drinks it all.
So while these stony tempests veil the skies,
While this on Greeks, and that on Trojans flies,
The walls unchanged above the clamor rise." *

The men looked round upon David, whose expression, as he returned the glance, showed that he had enjoyed the fragment as well as they. But, when they still looked expectant, he did not decline the unspoken invitation; but, taking Homer's harp, sang, as if the words were familiar to him,—

"He giveth snow like wool;
He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes;
He casteth forth his ice like morsels:
Who can stand before his cold?
He sendeth forth his word, and melteth them;
He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow."

* After Cowper and Pope. Long after!

"Always this '*He*,'" said one of the young soldiers to another.

"Yes," he replied; "and it was so in the beginning of the evening, when we were above there."

"There is a strange difference between the two men, though the one plays as well as the other, and the Greek speaks with quite as little foreign accent as the Jew, and their subjects are the same."

"Yes," said the young Philistine harper: "if the Greek should sing one of the Hebrew's songs, you would know he had borrowed it, in a moment."

"And so, if it were the other way."

"Of course," said their old captain, joining in this conversation. "Homer, if you call him so, sings the thing made; David sings the Maker. Or, rather, Homer thinks of the thing made, David thinks of the Maker, whatever they sing."

"I was going to say that Homer would sing of cities; and David, of the life in them."

"It is not what they say so much, as the way they look at it. The Greek sees the outside,—the beauty of the thing; the Hebrew ——"

"Hush!"

For David and his new friend had been talking too. Homer had told him of the storm at sea they met a few days before; and David, I think, had spoken of a mountain-tornado, as he met it years before. In the excitement of his narrative, he struck the harp, which was still in his hand, and sung, —

"Then the earth shook and trembled,
The foundations of the hills moved and were shaken,
Because He was wroth;
There went up a smoke out of his nostrils,
And fire out of his mouth devoured:
It burned with living coal.
He bowed the heavens also, and came down,
And darkness was under his feet;
He rode upon a cherub and did fly,
Yea, He did fly upon the wings of the wind.
He made darkness his resting-place,
His pavilion were dark waters and clouds of the skies;
At the brightness before him his clouds passed by,
Hailstones and coals of fire.

The Lord also thundered in the heavens,
 And the highest gave his voice;
 Hailstones and coals of fire.
 Yea, He sent out his arrows, and scattered them,
 And He shot out his lightnings, and discomfited them.
 Then the channels of waters were seen,
 And the foundations of the world were made known,
 At thy rebuke, O Lord !
 At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.
 He sent from above, He took me,
 He drew me out of many waters."

"Mine were but a few verses," said Homer. "I am more than repaid by yours. Imagine Neptune, our sea-god, looking on a battle:—

"There he sat high, retired from the seas;
 There looked with pity on his Grecians beaten;
 There burned with rage at the god-king who slew them.
 Then he rushed forward from the rugged mountains,
 Quickly descending;
 He bent the forests also as he came down,
 And the high cliffs shook under his feet.
 Three times he trod upon them,
 And with his fourth step reached the home he sought for.

There was his palace, in the deep waters of the seas,
 Shining with gold, and builded for ever.
 There he yoked him his swift-footed horses;
 Their hoofs are brazen, and their manes are golden.
 He binds them with golden thongs,
 He seizes his golden goad,
 He mounts upon his chariot, and doth fly:
 Yes ! he drives them forth into the waves !

And the whales rise under him from the depths,
 For they know he is their king ;
 And the glad sea is divided into parts,
 That his steeds may fly along quickly ;
 And his brazen axle passes dry between the waves,
 So, bounding fast, they bring him to his Grecians." *

And the poets sank again into talk.
 "You see it," said the old Philistine. "He paints the picture. David sings the life of the picture."
 "Yes : Homer sees what he sings. David feels his song."
 "Homer's is perfect in its description."

* Iliad, vi.

"Yes; but for life, for the soul of the description, you need the Hebrew."

"Homer might be blind; and, with that fancy and word-painting power of his, and his study of every thing new, he would paint pictures as he sang, though unseen."

"Yes," said another; "but David —," and he paused.

"But David?" asked the chief.

"I was going to say that he might be blind, deaf, imprisoned, exiled, sick, or all alone, and that yet he would never know he was alone; feeling as he does, as he must to sing so, of the presence of this Lord of his!"

"He does not think of a snow-flake, but as sent from him."

"While the snow-flake is reminding Homer of that hard, worrying, slinging, work of battle. He must have seen fight himself."

They were hushed again. For, though they no longer dared ask the poets to sing to them,—so engrossed were they in each other's society,—the soldiers were hardly losers from this modest courtesy. For the poets were constantly arousing each other to strike a chord, or to sing some snatch of remembered song. And so it was that Homer, *apropos* of I do not know what, sang in a sad tone,—

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground :
Another race the following spring supplies ;
They fall successive, and successive rise.
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those have passed away." *

David waited for a change in the strain; but Homer stopped. The young Hebrew asked him to go on; but Homer said that the passage which followed was mere narrative, from a long narrative-poem. David looked surprised that his new friend had not pointed a moral as he sang; and said simply, "We sing that thus:—

"As for man, his days are as grass ;
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth ;
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone,
And the place thereof shall know it no more.

* Iliad, vi.—Pope.

But the mercy of the Lord
 Is from everlasting to everlasting
 Of them that fear him ;
 And his righteousness
 Unto children's children,
 To such as keep his covenant,
 As remember his commandments to do them !”

Homer's face flashed delighted. I, like you, “keep his covenant,” he cried; and then without a lyre, for his was still in David's hands, he sang, in clear tone,—

“Thou bidst me birds obey ;—I scorn their flight,
 If on the left they rise, or on the right !
 Heed them who may, the will of Jove I own,
 Who mortals and immortals rules alone !” *

“That is more in David's key,” said the young Philistine harper, seeing that the poets had fallen to talk together again. “But how would it sound in one of the hymns on one of our feast-days ?”

“Who mortals and immortals rules alone.”

“How, indeed ?” cried one of his young companions. “There would be more sense in what the priests say and sing, if each were not quarrelling for his own,—Bel against Astarte, and Astarte against Bel.”

The old captain bent over, that the poets might not hear him, and whispered, “There it is that the Hebrews have so much more heart than we in such things. Miserable fellows though they are, so many of them, yet, when I have gone through their whole land with the caravans, the chances have been that any serious-minded fellow spoke of no God but this “*He*” of David's.

“What is his name ?”

“They do not know themselves, I believe.”

“Well, as I said an hour ago, God's man or Bel's man, — for those are good names enough for me, — I care little; but I should like to sing as that young fellow does.”

“My boy,” said the old man, “have not you heard him enough to see that it is not *he* that sings, near as much as this love of his for a Spirit he does not name ? It is that spirited heart of his that sings.”

* Iliad, xii., after Sotheby.

"*You sing like him? Find his life, boy; and perhaps it may sing for you.*"

"We should be more manly men, if he sang to us every night."

"Or if the other did," said an Ionian sailor.

"Yes," said the chief. "And yet, I think, if your countryman sang every night to me, he would make me want the other. Whether David's singing would send me to his, I do not feel sure. But how silly to compare them! As well compare the temple in Accho with the roar of a whirlwind ——"

"Or the point of my lance with the flight of an eagle. The men are in two worlds."

"Oh, no! that is saying too much. You said that one could paint pictures ——"

"—— Into which the other puts life. Yes, I did say so. We are fortunate that we have them together."

"For this man sings of men quite as well as the other does; and to have the other sing of God ——"

"—— Why, it completes the song. Between them they bring the two worlds together."

"He bows the heavens, and comes down," said the boy of the olive-harp, trying to hum David's air.

"Let us ask them ——"

And just then there rang along the valley the sound of a distant conch-shell. The soldiers groaned, roused up, and each looked for his own side-arms and his own skin.

But the poets talked on, unheeding.

The old chief knocked down a stack of lances; but the crash did not rouse them. He was obliged himself to interrupt their eager converse.

"I am sorry to break in; but the night-horn has sounded to rest, and the guard will be round to inspect the posts. I am sorry to hurry you away, sir," he said to David.

David thanked him courteously.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," said Homer, with a smile.

"We will all meet to-morrow. And may to-night's dreams be good omens!"

"If we dream at all," said Homer again, —

"Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause."

They were all standing together, as he made this careless reply to the captain; and one of the young men drew him aside, and whispered that David was in arms against his country.

Homer was troubled that he had spoken as he did. But the young Jew looked little as if he needed sympathy. He saw the doubt and regret which hung over their kindly faces; told them not to fear for him; singing, as he bade them good-night, and with one of the Carmel-men walked home to his own outpost,—

“The Lord who delivered me from the paw of the lion,
The Lord who delivered me from the paw of the bear,
He will deliver me.”

And he smiled to think how his Carmelite companion would start, if he knew when first he used those words.

So they parted, as men who should meet on the morrow.
But God disposes.

David had left to-morrow's dangers for to-morrow to care for. It seemed to promise him that he must be in arms against Saul. But, unlike us in our eagerness to anticipate our conflicts of duty, David *waited*.

And the Lord delivered him. While they were singing by the brook-side, the proud noblemen of the Philistine army had forced an interview with their king; and, in true native Philistine arrogance, insisted that “this Hebrew” and his men should be sent away.

With the light of morning, the king sent for the minstrel, and courteously dismissed him, because “the princes of the Philistines have said, ‘He shall not go up with us to the battle.’”

So David marched his men to Ziklag.

And David and Homer never met on earth again.

E. E. H.

NOTE.—This will be a proper place to print the following note, which I was obliged to write to a second cousin of Miss Dryasdust, after she had read the MS. of the article above:—

“Dear Madam,—I thank you for your kind suggestion, in returning my paper, that it involves a piece of impossible history. You inform me, that, ‘according to the nomenclatured formulas and homophonic analogies of Professor Gouraud, of never-to-be-forgotten memory, “A NEEDLE is less useful for curing a DEAF HEAD, than for putting ear-rings into a *Miss's lily-ears*;”’ and that this shows that the second king of Judah, named David (or Deaf-head) began to reign in 1055 B.C., and died 1040 B.C.;’ and far-

ther, that, according to the same authority, "*Homer flourished* when the Greeks were fond of his POETRY;" which, being interpreted, signifies that he flourished in 914 B.C., and, consequently, could have had no more to do with David than to plant ivy over his grave, in some of his voyages to Phenicia.'

"I thank you for the suggestion. I knew the unforgetting professor; and I do not doubt that he remembered David and Homer as his near friends. But, of course, to such a memory, a century or two might easily slip aside.

"Now, did you look up Clement? And did you not forget the Arundelian Marbles? For, if you will take the long estimates, you will find that some folks think Homer lived as long ago as the year 1150, and some that it was as 'short ago' as 850. And some set David as long ago as 1170, and some bring him down to a hundred and fifty years later. These are the long measures and the short measures. So the long and short of it is, that you can keep the two poets 320 years apart, while I have rather more than a century which I can select any night of, for a bivouac scene, in which to bring them together. Believe me, my dear Miss D., always yours, &c.

"Confess that you forgot the Arundelian Marbles!"

TYRE.

DR. BACON, of New Haven, who has recently travelled through Palestine, writes thus of Tyre: "But, of all its ancient grandeur, nothing now remains but some tottering ruins of a magnificent church built in the reign of Constantine, and a wilderness of broken columns blocking up the port, and gradually becoming more and more buried beneath the sand. The city which supplied to Solomon the mechanics for his magnificent works, and which was celebrated through the world for the skill and cunning of its artisans, could not mend the staff of my umbrella, which had been splintered the day before, and which needed about three inches of tin plate in form of a band to make it sound again. Where all that splendor was, and all that wealth and pride of which the prophet (Ezek. xxvii. 3—25) gives us so gorgeous a description, there are now the wretched hovels which shelter a miserable population. "Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honorable of the earth? The Lord of hosts hath purposed it, to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honorable of the earth."

NATURE'S JEWEL.

THOU dark-eyed peasant, in whose glowing mien
 There dwells no classic grace to charm mine eye ;
 In whose low garb thy low estate is seen,
 And all whose dowry in thyself doth lie ;

Though thou mayst never " walk in silk attire,"
 Nor shine in jewels of the earth or sea ;
 Though thou mayst never burn with minstrel-fire,
 Nor learn another lore than Nature teaches thee ;

The gem both high and low do covet most
 In each developed limb and feature lies ;
 A richer gem than earth or sea can boast
 Deepens the brilliance of those lustrous eyes.

Thine is the treasure whose entrancing worth
 Outvies the charm of Plenty's golden horn ;
 Uprears a palace on the lowliest hearth,
 And makes the poor man laugh the rich man's gold to scorn.

This sacred treasure no stern keeper hath ;
 Nor was it wrested from the gleaming mine ;
 Nor didst thou brave the ocean's perilous wrath
 To call its dear and pure possession thine.

Ah, no ! it shines upon thy native hills ;
 It decks the peaceful valley of thy home ;
 It woos thee sparkling from thy mountain-rills ;
 This gem, for which, alas ! we o'er the wide world roam.

Yes, lowly peasant, thou art rich indeed,
 Though all unconscious of thy priceless wealth.
 Labor and Virtue yield their beauteous meed :
 The wondrous gem adorning thee is Health.

E. D. H.

THE APOSTLE PAUL:

A SINGLE TRAIT IN HIS CHARACTER CONSIDERED AND ILLUSTRATED.

AMONG the very few characters to be met with in history, which gain, in our estimation of their nobleness and worth, in proportion as they are studied and analyzed, placed in different lights, tried and measured by the loftiest standards of moral excellence, one, in many respects the most remarkable, is that of Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles. *Great* he truly was, in the highest and best sense of that word; great in intellectual superiority; in elevation of thought, purpose, and feeling; in a generous renunciation of self; in the pure and lofty motives which actuated him; in the noble ends which he pursued, seeking not his own, but devoting himself entirely to the promotion of other's welfare,—the highest good of his fellow-men. In him, perhaps, more fully than in any other merely human being that ever existed, was realized and illustrated our Saviour's idea of true greatness; that which consists in self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice, in an unreserved devotion to truth, to duty, to the best interests of mankind; that which consists in high, extensive, pre-eminent usefulness. Indeed, it is not too much to say, that, in sublimity of character, in disinterestedness, in moral courage, in intrepid zeal, in god-like beneficence, in all high and heroic qualities, he approached nearer to the great Master than any other disciple that ever lived.

There is so little of the martyr-spirit in our modern life, that it cannot but do us good; it cannot but have an influence, I think, to strengthen our faith, to exalt our feelings, to quicken our Christian zeal, to lift us up, in some measure, above all low and selfish aims, to have communion with such a spirit, with such a character, as Paul's.

To attempt a full-length portraiture of this wonderful character, after what has been done in this way, with so much ability and discrimination, in a late number of a kindred journal, would be deemed, to say the least, a work of supererogation. Such is not my purpose, but simply to delineate a single feature of it. I wish to call attention to a few passages in the life and writings of the apostle Paul, which prove him to have been a man of extra-

ordinary sagacity and wisdom, — wary, prudent, penetrating; thoroughly acquainted with the world and with human nature; and withal of a liberal and catholic spirit, in matters of religion, altogether beyond his age.

From the moment of his conversion, this great apostle's character begins to open upon us. Aware that his apostacy from Judaism must peculiarly exasperate his employers at Jerusalem, he prudently resolves to retreat from the first burst of their resentment. He accordingly retires into Arabia, where he remains three years, and is supposed to have been employed in gaining a more complete knowledge of the Christian faith, and in qualifying himself for that great work that was henceforth to be the labor of his life. At the expiration of this time, he returns, and commences his public ministry as an apostle of Christ. His zeal and success in the cause soon stir up against him a host of enemies, who conspire together, and vow his destruction; but, by his consummate prudence and dexterity, he eludes the snare which they had laid for him, and detects and defeats all their plots and machinations. On being arraigned before the Jewish council, charged with the crime of having introduced a Heathen into the inner court of the temple (a crime punishable with death), he evinced uncommon presence of mind and no little adroitness, in seizing upon every circumstance that would be available for his defence. By a stroke of policy, which most commentators have labored to justify, he contrived to set his adversaries at variance with one another, and to enlist the prejudices of a majority of them, it is probable, in his own favor. Perceiving that the one part were Sadducees and the other Pharisees, he cried out, "Men and brethren, I am a Pharisee, and the son of a Pharisee: of the hope and resurrection of the dead, I am called in question." The apple of discord, thus thrown into the assembly, had the intended effect. The council are divided, and, in the tumult which ensues, he finds his safety.

This *ruse*, so successfully practised by the apostle, while it illustrates his dexterity and address, tells less favorably, it must be confessed, for his Christian simplicity and guilelessness. For it was true only in a remote and constructive sense that he was arraigned at this time, and put upon his trial before the Sanhedrim, on account of his belief and advocacy of the immortality of the soul; and his attempt to make it appear that this was the *real*

ground of the popular excitement that had been stirred up against him, and thus to take advantage of a well-known division of sentiment on this subject, was hardly fair and ingenuous. And did not Paul himself, on a subsequent occasion, seem to admit as much as this? What else did he mean, when, shortly after, at an adjourned hearing of this very case before Felix, he challenged his accusers to say if they found any evil doing in him, *while he stood before the council*, "except," he says, "it be for this one voice that I cried, standing among them, Touching the resurrection of the dead, I am called in question by you this day." This exception against himself, this frank acknowledgment, that the declaration above quoted *was* an "evil doing," is, to me, I confess, one of the most interesting circumstances in the history of this great apostle. It shows his entire honesty, the perfect conscientiousness of the man. It shows how far he was from admitting, that the most urgent danger could be any excuse for the practice of any, the least degree of duplicity. This little incident inspires me with a stronger confidence in his candor and veracity, than all the infallibility that has ever been claimed for him. That he should have spoken as he did of an almost innocent stratagem, resorted to for self-defence, in a moment of the most imminent peril; that the very slight shade of wrong that rested upon it, should have so pressed upon his mind as to prompt this ingenuous confession, shows a delicacy of conscience, a scrupulous truthfulness, a transparent simplicity and frankness, as rare as they are beautiful. Such was the man; childlike, yet profoundly sagacious, blending the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove. His presence of mind, prudence, and sagacity never fail him. Into whatever critical situations he was brought, in the course of his itinerant and adventurous life, he always proved himself equal to the emergency; making good his defence or his retreat, with a skill and adroitness which confounded his enemies; shielding himself from insult and treachery, now by pleading the privileges of Roman citizenship, and now by appealing unto Cæsar.

In the presence of Agrippa, he shows himself an accomplished orator, and pleads his cause in a flowing, graceful, and insinuating style of address, which will compare advantageously with the purest models of Grecian eloquence:—"I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself, this day, *before*

thee, touching the things whereof I am accused by the Jews; especially as I knew thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews." In this very elegant exordium, Paul discovers a quick apprehension of individual character, as well as a ready tact in availing himself of it; for we learn from Josephus, that Agrippa valued himself not a little upon his knowledge of the law, and upon his acquaintance with the customs and antiquities of the Jews. In the narrative which he proceeds to give of his manner of life, and of his conversion to Christianity, there is so much simplicity, sincerity, and pathos, that his royal auditor, quite carried away by the force of his eloquence, exclaims, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

All his speeches and epistles have a deeply-marked individuality, which belongs to few other writings. Flowing out from his inmost life, and glowing all over with emotion, they reveal to us a mind of the most extraordinary attributes,—a mind at once profound and discursive, acute and imaginative, possessing a quick and comprehensive insight into all the springs and motives of human action, and able to appeal to them with power and effect. The letter which he wrote to Philemon, in behalf of a fugitive slave, pleading for his forgiveness and restoration to favor, is a perfect masterpiece in its way. "There is a mixture of tenderness and authority," of freedom and urbanity, in this short letter; "an earnestness of intercession," united with a delicate and deferential regard to the supposed feelings of an offended master, even going so far as to speak of remuneration for lost services; there is a studied care in the choice of phrases; in the arguments employed, and the motives appealed to; in forbearing to hint, except in the most indirect manner, to personal obligations on the part of Philemon, but leaving him to his own generous impulses; there is a tone and spirit, I say, about this letter, which show the writer to have been a man of consummate address, as well as of great courtesy and kindness of heart.

On all occasions, Paul speaks like one who understood human nature, and knew how to disarm prejudice, and conciliate attention. He does not address an audience like John the Baptist, "O ye brood of vipers!" nor like Stephen, "O ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart!" but thus he begins his speech in the council of Areopagus: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that

ye are a people much given to religious worship ; for, as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To the Unknown God. Whom, therefore, ye ignorant worship, him declare I unto you." In our common version, the force and beauty of this passage are quite marred, by rendering that into an epithet of reproach which the apostle evidently intended as a compliment. He did not say, "Ye are in all things too superstitious." Such a charge as this would have disgusted his hearers in the outset, and prevented them from paying further attention to his discourse ; but he said, "I perceive ye are much given to religious worship." Nothing can be more beautiful than the whole of this passage. The apostle very ingeniously evades the law, which made it criminal to introduce a new religion into Athens (where, as it had been wittily said, it was easier to find a god than a man), by asking their attention, not to a foreign deity, but to one whom they already acknowledged, and whose altar he had noticed, as he passed round among their sacred edifices ; and he confirms and illustrates his sentiments by a quotation from one of their own poets.

Paul at Athens is a subject worthy of being sketched by a master's hand. This, perhaps, was the most splendid theatre on which he had ever been called to act or suffer. At Damascus he had encountered the Jewish doctors, and confounded them in argument ; he had fought with beasts at Ephesus ; but at Athens he was brought into contact and controversy with some of the master-spirits of the age. It was at once the mart of learning, the metropolis of intellectual refinement, and the very focus of idolatry. Into this sanctuary of the muses, adorned with the choicest specimens of art, and venerable and imposing for its historical recollections, the intrepid apostle enters ; and, impelled by feelings of compassion, and burning with an intense zeal to impart some rays of divine truth to the darkened minds before him, he stands up, calm and self-possessed, in the court of Areopagus ; and, in the presence of poets, orators, philosophers, and statesmen, preaches — Jesus and the resurrection. And well did he acquit himself in a speech to which the most refined sophists might have listened with unmingled admiration. "He spoke in language," says one, "worthy of himself, and of the cause he advocated ; worthy of the dignified auditory before which he was placed ; worthy of diffusion and transmission to remotest coun-

tries and ages for reverential study; worthy of being the shrine of those fundamental and everlasting principles which constitute religious truth, and are Christianity." He spoke with such effect on this occasion, that several, we are told, were converted; among whom was one of the members of the august body whom he addressed, — a judge of this high court.

In accommodating his instructions to the different views and opinions of different classes of persons, the apostle always showed himself to have been a man who knew the world, was familiar with all the avenues to the human heart, and gifted, withal, with no ordinary powers of eloquence. In preaching to the Jews, he places his subject in the point of view from which they were accustomed to contemplate it; fetching his proofs from their own Scriptures, appealing often to their prejudices, and even to their national vanity. He reasons with them from their history, and from the acknowledged principles of their own institutions. He sometimes proves, by modes of reasoning incorrect in themselves, yet in high vogue among the learned Rabbin, that Jesus was the promised Mesiah of their nation; and, in the Epistle to the Hebrews (some slight evidence that it may be his), he runs a somewhat fanciful analogy between Christ and Moses, and their respective religions; and undertakes to show, by arguments which would be of force only with a Jew, that Christianity was intended to be the perfection and consummation of Judaism.

In preaching to the Gentiles, he begins with the religion of nature, and shows, by arguments derived from this source, that there is but one God, supreme and all-perfect, the Creator of the world, the Giver of life and every blessing; a spiritual Being, demanding of his rational creatures — not for his sake, but for their own — a spiritual worship, and a cordial obedience to his laws. And then he goes on to speak of Jesus Christ, who was crucified and rose again from the dead, as his messenger, the revealer of his truth, the dispenser of his mercy, the image of his perfections; proved to be the Son of God, by signs and miracles which God wrought by him; whose mission had for its object the redemption of a world from ignorance, sin, and death.

It is impossible to think of Paul, in connection with the office which he was called to fill, that of apostle to the Heathen world, without feeling convinced that there was a divine wisdom in the selection and appointment; so singularly was he qualified, by

birth, by education, by temperament, by social position, and personal experience, for the work that was given him to do. A Hebrew of the Hebrews, and the native of a Grecian city of no mean repute; trained in the school of Gamaliel, and not unskilled in Heathen lore, he possessed the rarest advantages for understanding the peculiarities of thought and feeling, the mental and moral idiosyncrasies, which belonged to the two races which then divided the civilized world, and between whom he was to stand as a sort of mediator. Free alike from the narrow-mindedness and stern bigotry of the Jew, and the levity and scepticism of the Greek, he united in himself all that was best in the devotedness of the one, and the refinement and liberality of the other. "If ever there was a man," says Buckminster, "calculated to manage the opposite prejudices of Jews and Gentiles; if ever there was a man fitted for a difficult service in the most difficult times, it was Paul." His mind, which was naturally of the very highest order, was disciplined and enriched by whatever was most valuable in Jewish learning, or in Gentile philosophy and science. In short, he was not only endowed with a mighty and commanding intellect, but he had also received the largest, the most generous and varied culture which the age could afford.

We should expect beforehand, that a mind like Paul's would be liberal, would be superior, that is to all narrow views and sectarian biases; and this we find to have been the case in a very eminent degree. Though brought up a Pharisee of the straitest sect, he seems early to have freed himself from the pride, pretension, and ferocious bigotry, which distinguished that celebrated class of religionists among the Jews. With his characteristic acuteness, he penetrated at once to the very heart of the gospel; discerning its simplicity and spirituality, the sublimity and comprehensiveness of its doctrines and precepts, and entering fully into its large and catholic spirit. Christianity, he distinctly perceived, was designed and fitted to be a universal religion, and was destined, therefore, to supersede the Mosaic ritual; and, in the celebrated controversy which arose among the Christians of that day about the rites and ceremonies of the Jewish religion, whether or no they were binding upon converts from Heathenism, we find him uniformly on the liberal side of the question, zealously maintaining the free and generous spirit of the new dispensation. It was his continual endeavor to impress it upon the minds of his

hearers and readers, that, in the spiritual church of Christ, all party distinctions were abolished ; that it recognized neither Jew nor Greek, neither circumcision nor uncircumcision. It is the aim of more than one of his epistles to show, that the conditions of salvation under the gospel are not the observance of any external rites, like the Mosaic ; not the belonging to any particular church, like the Jewish ; not the holding to any set of dogmas, like those of the Pharisees ; but FAITH, a living and controlling sense, in the mind, of God, and of the great spiritual realities of our being ; an inward regard to duty and the divine will ; a principle of holiness, making the conduct right, by cleansing and rectifying its hidden springs in the heart. And he shows that this principle is always the same in all pious and good men of every nation and age ; the same in Abraham, their boasted progenitor, and the same in the despised Heathen, who, by the light of nature alone, is taught to fear God and work righteousness. He strenuously opposed the Judaizing bigots, who arrogated to themselves great power and importance in the primitive church, and who confidently maintained that there could be no salvation for Gentile Christians, unless they were circumcised, and submitted to the Mosaic peculiarity. On every occasion he combats these absurd pretensions, and encourages the Gentile converts to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free. This it was which drew upon him the hatred and persecution of his own nation, who could not endure to hear that God was equally the God of the Jews and of the Gentiles. St. Paul was the victim, but never the patron, of intolerance. His epistles abound with exhortations to peace, unity, and mutual forbearance among disagreeing parties ; and his beautiful encomium upon charity is the masterpiece of all his writings. Notwithstanding the warmth and enthusiasm of the apostle's feelings, and his very devout and spiritual turn of mind, we can discover nothing about him which savors in the least degree of fanatical delusion. His morality, though strict and uncompromising in all cases where right and wrong were in any degree concerned, was yet calm, rational, practical. His judgment respecting a hesitating conscience ; his opinion of the moral indifference of certain usages, yet of the prudence, and even the duty of compliance, where non-compliance would produce an evil effect upon the minds of the weaker brethren, discover the most sensible and discriminating liberality.

He knew that an idol was nothing in the world, and yet he could say, "If meat (offered to idols) maketh my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I cause my brother to offend." His favorite maxims were, that those who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and that every one should please his neighbor for his good, to edification; and his own conduct was a perfect exemplification of these maxims. To use a modern phraseology, he was at once a reformer and a conservatist; advocating, with glowing zeal, a system of faith which was destined, he foresaw, to create all things new; yet reverencing and holding fast to all that was true and good in old opinions and usages. There was nothing one-sided about Paul. Few men ever possessed a sounder judgment, or a mind that was more perfectly balanced. Impetuous as he was in temper and feeling, he was always self-possessed, and singularly prudent in speech and action. He never *unnecessarily* threw himself into collision with the prejudices of any class of men. He was careful to avoid every occasion of offence, where it could be avoided, without the slightest dereliction from duty; and would sometimes yield to the opinions and practices of others, when it could be done without compromising the sacred obligations of morality. Though he would never suffer the Jewish ceremonial to be imposed upon Gentile Christians, and usually neglected it himself, yet, being at Jerusalem on a certain occasion, and understanding that his compliance with a particular custom, indifferent in itself, would serve to remove the prejudices that existed against him in the minds of some of his brother Pharisees, and be a means of increasing his usefulness, he did not hesitate to comply: "To the Jews," he said, "I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law [meaning the Mosaic ceremonial law], as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without law, as without law (being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ), that I might gain them that are without law. To the weak I became as weak, that I might gain the weak. I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." Not that he ever practised dissimulation, or resorted to any of the arts of low cunning, to accomplish his ends; but that, with respect to things in themselves indifferent, he felt himself at liberty, at different times and places, to act in a different manner, as prudence might dictate. "Being crafty,"

he said to the Corinthians, "I caught you with guile;" that is to say, he practised some innocent artifices, in order to circumvent their prejudices, obtain access to their minds, and, by prudent measures and words of wisdom, *win them to Christ*: this was his aim in regard to all whom he approached. All that he said or did or wrote, whether he spoke of his former life and conversation among the Pharisees, or told the story of his conversion; whether he boasted of the manifold revelations with which he was favored, or adverted to his infirmities; whether he wielded "the sceptre of an apostle's authority," in subduing opposition and rebuking hypocrisy, or demeaned himself with the gentleness of a nurse that cherisheth her children; whether he beat down error with the battering-ram of his logic, or sapped and undermined it with the subtlety of his wit,—all was to the end and effect that he might win souls to Christ.

The argument for the truth of Christianity which has been drawn from the conversion of Paul is one which it would not be easy to set aside or to invalidate. Here is a man of the profoundest sagacity and wisdom, of extraordinary energy, activity, and force of character, possessing an intellect of vast and unmeasured power; a sharp, shrewd, logical mind,—a mind that, in all great and noble qualities, may be justly received among the foremost in that or in any other age, if, indeed, it has ever been equalled; a man of education and learning, of varied experience, and large acquaintance with the world;—here is this man transformed suddenly from a fierce and eager persecutor of the Christian cause, into a convert to this religion, and one of its most active and indefatigable missionaries; giving himself up to this work with the whole strength and ardor of his soul; spending his whole time in travelling from country to country, and from city to city, to propagate this new faith; encountering the severest hardships and the most appalling dangers; sacrificing worldly prospects of the most brilliant kind; submitting to the loss of country, of home, of early friends, to scourgings and stonings, to imprisonments and chains, and finally to a martyr's death. Now, here is a moral phenomenon, which must have had some cause, some motive; and the motive assigned by the apostle himself is the only one which seems adequate to the production of such an effect. His miraculous conversion, then, being admitted to be real, it

follows, as a necessary inference, that the Christian religion, considered as a miraculous dispensation, must be true.

Yes, looking only at this single item in a vast and accumulated mass of evidence, how strong is our conviction that Christianity is, what it purports to be, a miraculously communicated and miraculously attested revelation; that it is true that Jesus Messiah, foretold by prophets, and eagerly expected by those who were looking for supernatural light and redemption, came into our world, and lived and taught, and wrought miracles, and suffered and died, and rose again from the dead, as evangelists and apostles related and testified, sealing their testimony with their blood; that he came to bring us the everlasting gospel, with its truths and hopes and consolations, of such infinite concernment to human welfare; to put into operation a system of spiritual influences, mighty to awaken the soul to a sense of eternal things; to convince it of sin, of righteousness, of judgment to come; to rescue it from the bonds of iniquity, and bring it, through faith and repentance, and the washing of regeneration, into a state of peace with itself, and of reconciliation with its Maker! Thanks be to God for this unspeakable gift!

C. R.

PRETENSION.—“A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people’s estimate of us, and idle is all fear of remaining unknown. If a man know that he can do any thing,—that he can do it better than any one else,—he has a pledge of the acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment-days; and into every assembly that man enters, in every action he attempts, he is guaged and stamped. ‘What hath he done?’ is the divine question which searches men, and transpierces every false reputation. A fop may sit in any chair in the world, nor be distinguished for his hour from Homer and Washington; but there never can be any doubt concerning the respective ability of human beings, when we seek the truth. Pretension may sit still, but cannot act. Pretension never feigned any act of real greatness. Pretension never wrote an Iliad, nor drove Xerxes, nor Christianized the world.”

THE

CELEBRATION OF CHRISTIAN ENTERPRISE.

A SERMON, BY REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON.

ISA. lxii. 10 : "Cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people; prepare ye the way of the people."

It is not an unreasonable caprice, that enterprise should sometimes celebrate its work, as well as perform it. One of the favorite phrases of those men, into whom the age has poured its equalizing spirit most copiously, is "the Dignity of Labor." But "labor" here is only an abstraction, put for the laboring men. What a laborer may rightly do is the honor of labor; for the toiling individual tests, as well as incarnates, the generic principle. If it is dignified—and, I think, you will all agree that it may be—for a single engineer to turn from operating his machine to admiring its operation; take off his hands from his wondrous tools, that he may refresh himself by a cleanly contemplation of their result,—then may any great industrial achievement claim its hour of rest and gratulation, as well as its many hours of action. It may, without charge of puerility, now and then drop its task, if only to look at it from a new quarter; may wash the grime from its hands, array itself in holiday garments, and even put on some comely badges and adornments, if it will dispose them by rules of art matched to its robust proportions. It may add a social sabbath of its own to the solemn and spiritual ones of the church; it may go out to stroll at leisure in the highways it has cast up, and to feel, as a more genial presence, the sun that has brought tan and sweat upon its face. Certainly it may throw open the doors of the house it has built, and offer hospitalities to its neighbors.

Men will estimate such demonstrations as the last week's jubilee, very much according to their moral calibre and spiritual plane; for the broad coloring of the habitual temper tinges every special judgment. What a man loves best, and pursues most hotly, will have its image reflected in every trifling criticism. The sordid calculator will see in this completion, at this spot, of steam-communication between the chief Canadian ports and Great Britain, only a promise of a more thriving traffic; and

the only twinkle of his eye at its gay signals is shot up from some low hope of lucre. Vanity loves the pomp for its invitations to ornament; profligates, for its stimulants to jaded appetites; the frivolous, for its superficial excitement. It is possible, I think, to judge it by the fixed measurements of Christian truth.

In order to touch the suggestions that open themselves before me with any thing like a satisfactory completeness, I shall be obliged to use a latitude, as to topics, not often needed perhaps by the pulpit. But I shall not offend your discrimination by a presumption that you are not apprised how religion is interfused through all things, or that you will be unable to find relations enough between all that I shall say, and the most sacred spiritualities of the church.

We may deal with this jubilee by a treatment that is four-fold; regarding it—I. As a ceremony of public joy; II. As an act of homage to industry; III. As the salutation of an era of brotherhood; IV. As a signal of God's preparations for his kingdom, and a harbinger of its coming.

I. First, then, we are to speak, not of industry or enterprise itself, but of the recreation that is a ceasing from it. For this also is a good.

The stages of progress or decline among the nations might be measured by the shifting character of their entertainments. The ways in which they disport themselves are chronicles of their interior life. If they are savages, they will have savage play; if they are Christian fellow-helpers, they will make merry over some contrivance that invites all ranks to a huge, international collation, or opens a prospect to honest labor that shall one day make poverty obsolete, and oppression a mythic legend.

One of the divine sagacities of the Jewish religion was the provision it made for what I think we must call man's innate love for public spectacles. Esteeming no human propensity too humble for its notice, in as profound a spirit of philosophy as of mercy, it took this feeling boldly up in its hand, as a fact to be dealt with,—as an inevitable element to be considered and allotted into place, in the harmony of a right character. It saw that the passion had been plainly planted in human nature by its Creator; and, properly concluding that it was not put in merely to be put out again, but that it was meant to serve an end and fill

an office, it undertook, in the very wisdom that should govern all legislation, to conform the facts of its institutions to the facts of life,—to base the cultus on the laws of the being to be cultivated; and thus, in framing a complete apparatus of moral education for men clearly resolved on being amused sometimes, to make room for amusement. This, accordingly, the Jewish religion did. Instead of turning all recreations out of the pale of its sympathy,—thus creating an antagonism between itself and them, and virtually loading all sports with the gratuitous burden of a legal and constructive sin, till they should by this means be sunk into the real sin of conscious wrong,—Judaism, speaking too, remember, in God's name, by the mouth of Moses, took these impulsive children,—these natural cravings for rest and diversion,—under its direction; set apart for them some eighty days out of the three hundred and sixty-five, and even condescended to instruct them in their play. It told them how and when, and for what purpose, they should be indulged, and so contrived to imbue them with a pious spirit, that even recreation itself was turned into a part of the worship of Jehovah; somewhat better, certainly, than to leave it to hang guiltily outside of our Christian concern, prowling about the fences of civilization, and allying itself, for sheer lack of other company, with intemperance, licentiousness, and the whole brood of crimes. A considerable expenditure was lavished on this simple object of keeping the national amusements close to the national prayers. And for fear some over-thrifty citizen, extending his business, and getting sordid amidst his many gains, should deem it foolish to devote so much time, profitable for money-making, to unprofitable pleasures, it was commanded distinctly that business should not trench on the holidays. If any body profaned them so, he should be stoned. Holidays were holy-days. Besides so many days in each year, every seventh year was to be altogether sabbatical, for man's sake, and beast's sake, and God's sake. And every fiftieth year was to be a more imposing and formal jubilee still. So Moses said to all these affinities for diversion in the people, "Come, range yourselves within the temple; sit down among the priests and Levites; lean against the altar; hang your festive ornaments on the walls of the holiest places; that both you and your rest may be sanctified." Moses lived in twilight; yet he was wiser in this than many who live under

open day, and call the name of Christ. When the Christian church comprehends its duty wisely, it will not willingly allow men to go out of its sight for their pleasures. It will try to keep their pleasure and their religion friends.

Holidays being somewhat parsimoniously provided in this country by institutions, whether religious or civil, the people are left to choose their amusements and devise their pageants by spontaneous emotion. We make merry by impulse, not by statute. It matters little how, perhaps; so we are not given over to the sordid and irreligious habit of not being amused at all. The quarrel of the ascetics that revolt at recreation lies not against man as he has made himself, but as God made him. The offence is in nature, not in artifice. You might as justly expect that speech will never loosen itself, and leap into song; that enthusiasm will never force prose to fuse its brittle articulations into flowing and melodious measures; that plodding duty will never break forth into praise,—as that toil will never disport itself, and so generously, too, as even to glory in its very oblivion of calculation; and all the more jubilant, because you defy it to show cause.

I see nothing in these recent festivities that brings them under the rebuke of the religion of Christ. Even that serious faith, planted in suffering and sealed by a cross, may smile upon them. Our merchants have enacted no such prodigal folly as that German merchant did who warmed his sovereign-guest, Charles V., with a fire of cinnamon-wood; nor have they wasted sentiment and treasure together, like Cleopatra, covering her dining-hall floor with flowers a cubit deep. It may even be found, and probably will be, in obedience to some moral law of balance, which poises the poles of all things having a right intention, that, as happened lately with the Parisian *fêtes* of industry, more wealth returns from the entertained than was lavished by the entertainers. If otherwise, let us be content with gains not reckoned by arithmetic.

When the sacred story of the evangelists exhibits Jesus as more than once moving up among his countrymen to keep the grand jubilees of his nation, I do not conceive him to have been coldly conforming himself to a usage that offered no charm to his heart, nor yet as using these occasions of great gathering merely as serviceable instruments for any ulterior end. The natural

spell of a sympathetic joy, I think, was upon him. He was borne along by the pure tide of patriotic gratitude and hope, that swelled and gushed in all those Hebrew souls about him. Even women and little children felt it, and were never weary while their faces were towards Mount Moriah. The spontaneous feeling that gathered to itself sacred associations from old histories,—from the faith of Abraham, and the heavenly commission of Moses, and the courage of Gideon and Joshua, and Elijah's faith, and the splendor of David's reign, and the solemn order of the Temple and the Priesthood, and the sorrows of the Captivity, and the hosannahs of the Return, and all the holy influences of the elder Covenant, that lay like warm sunlight on every hill and vineyard of Judea,—this was the attraction that drew him. Without questioning, he gave himself up to the generous gladness of the caravans that went up from all the tribes to Jerusalem, singing songs of praise to the God of Israel. The spirit that could weep over the great city, in a prophetic anticipation of its downfall, needed no calculation to throw itself cordially into a national festival. And in all these tender movings of his divine love towards his country, our own interest in whatever rejoicings celebrate our national achievements or destiny finds a warrant. The instincts of our own patriotism are at once sanctioned and elevated by that which manifestly throbbed in a bosom that has been pierced for a whole world's salvation.

To estimate more gratefully what a Christian civilization has done for you,—how it has been slowly rearing the fabric that now so benignantly shelters you, and gradually infusing higher elements into the joys that now cheer you,—let me invite you to contrast the spectacle exhibited in our city the last week, with the public ceremonies of earlier ages.

Come back, twenty-four centuries, to the banks of the Alpheus. An Olympic festival has gathered the strength and valor and genius of Greece. Multitudes, vaster than any of ours, pouring in from three continents, throng the splendid stadium. There is the pomp of heralds, the superb magnificence of royalty, the unrivalled glory that touched every creation on which Grecian thought left its sign. And now, what are these thousands of palpitating breasts leaning forward to see? Two muscular bodies writhing in the contortions of a wrestling-match; two brawny boxers plunging their leather-covered fists at one an-

other's faces; two runners panting across their course of six hundred feet, bleeding perhaps at the nostrils; two rivals in the Pentathlon; two athletes in the Pancratium; two chariots in the Hippodrome. Ten months ago, the competitors entered the lists at Elis; and now, after so much discipline in the gymnasium, they fight before the wisdom of the most intellectual of nations,—for what? For a wreath of wild olive; for a banquet, an ode, a statue, a herald's cry; for a wall broken to let the victor into his native city; for the incense of an idolatrous altar. The crowd vanish to the hundred cities of the three continents again. And how is the world the better? What noble purpose of an immortal nature has found stimulus? What idea worthy of man has enjoyed a triumph? What pure affection has been encouraged? Has Grecian nationality been consolidated? Let the history of Grecian wars answer. A bitter brotherhood it must have been that bore so contentious a confederacy. And to crown the pagan ceremony with a pagan absurdity, not far off stands the presiding god,—a gold and ivory statue, wrought with the exquisite art of that artistic time,—the Jupiter Olympius.

Pass forward seven hundred years, from the days of Solon, archon of Athens, to the days of the Cæsars; and cross from Elis to Rome. Here is an amphitheatre displaying a pageant equal in splendor to the Olympic, and surpassing it perhaps in the number of spectators, because no spot on earth ever centralized so enormous a populace as the imperial city. But society has grown barbarous as it has grown old; and in place of the contentions of the stadium, which, if physical, were not savage, you have now the ferocity of the gladiatorial ring,—a deadly struggle, mortal blows, brutal cruelties. Trajan the Emperor has returned from the Danube, with the spoils of the conquered Dacians. It is an age when the grandest pageant is not of peace, but the sword,—a triumphal procession; and the most honored trophies are not fruits of industry, but the robberies of power, and the armor of the slain. A Saturnalian festival recurs; and the thirsty host—Roman dignity, Roman citizens, and Roman women too—flock to the arena, lusting for the murderous parade. Captives, just led behind the car, and slaves, strong children of the forest, men of no crime and no quarrel, men, men, trained and hardened and disciplined for the encounter, like beasts for a stall, slaughter one another for the entertainment. A hundred and

twenty-three days of incessant butchery, and ten thousand mutilated bodies, hardly satiate the appetite. Even the surrendering victim is not spared: the gloating multitude turn their thumbs upward, and the exhausted gladiator is torn in pieces on the sand, "butchered to make a Roman holiday." These are the amusements, these the holidays, of seventeen centuries ago.

I will not disgust your sensibilities by describing the pleasures, more degraded still, if not so mortal, of Christian Spain, in times nearer our own, of Portugal, and even of British sportsmen, where the agonies of dying beasts minister to the delight of men.

But to appreciate more completely the progressive ideas that have ushered in a day of celebrations of useful industry, admit one more comparison, drawn from a popular custom of the mother-country, before the Western World was discovered. It is an English tournament,—the diversion of chivalry,—the gayer side of the earnest enterprise of the crusades,—the reverse device of its solemn blazonry. A broad field of green; stout palisades; white pavilions of the contending knights, whose gorgeous pennons rise and fall in the sun; galleries filled with the noble blood of the realm; rich liveries, and costly equipages, and sumptuous decorations, belting the lists; yeomen and plain citizens, pages and maidens, throne and canopy,—these make up the glittering scenery. But the central figures, around which all this intensity of passion beats, are still combatants for an inferior, a selfish, and a physical triumph. Two thousand years have gone over the world since the Olympic strife, and yet the game is still for a barren prize. No grand thought hangs its signal over the feast. No generous and catholic sentiment of common welfare inspires the shout of applause. No event that sets mankind forward in the true honors of life is celebrated. But lances are splintered, and helmets bruised, and shields broken, and women are flattered, and the fires of old hatred and jealousy are relit, and wounded bodies are borne out for the surgeon's mending, or a shroud.

Is there nothing gained? Is not Christianity beginning to inaugurate at last her own appropriate ovations? Does not the advent of an era of equal privilege unfurl standards that befit its unselfish aims? Do not the very pleasures and jubilees of Christendom reveal at once the barbarism we have outgrown, and the providential leadings we are to follow?

The Genius of liberal recreation seats herself now, not on a throne, but in a rail-car, alongside a harbor, or on a meadow-bank. When the weary craftsmen would be amused, instead of setting two angry pugilists to smite each other, she ordains a combat between two ocean-steamers, — the umpires being time and safety; the competitors, brains and steel; and all the travelling millions that may hereafter navigate the sea, sharers in the premium. Instead of opening the lists for an unprofitable race for pedestrians, she appoints one between two patent ploughs, with the reserved right to make the best model in the match a facility for every farmer in the land. When the busy artisans have accumulated marvels in their private workshops, which she knows the artisans of other countries would be happier, and shrewder too, for seeing, she throws up a glass show-house on the spare ground of the world's metropolis, and asks the four corners of the earth to bring in their fabrics, and laugh, or wonder, at one another's ingenuity. And then she sends them peaceably home, shorn of their vanity, but quickened in their wits; suggestions from the combined whole crowded into the head of each, and large judgments supplanting hereditary prejudices. Instead of bringing forward the toughest bear, or baiting the fiercest bull, she asks, Who can contrive the most effectual reaping-machine? and calls together the agricultural counties to try their skill in the harvest-field; and, by and bye, all of them reap with the best machine. Instead of instigating foolish knight-errants to bruise each other for the smile of a queen of love, she sends to the shipbuilders, and inquires for the craft that will outsail the swiftest keels, — and so speeds, in the end, every voyager that seeks home or health or livelihood or knowledge, across the waters.

II. We have witnessed an act of homage to industry. Now, industry of itself is no mean tributary to the Christian commonwealth; but it rises into more eminent honor, in its reciprocal relations to civilization and Christianity. Industry advances civilization; civilization furnishes paths and instruments for the church. Again, the church shelters and blesses civilization; and civilization, by a thousand wants and promptings, stimulates industry. Such is their interaction; and an honest enterprise, restrained within the moral bounds assigned by the New Testament, stands kinsman at only two removes from spiritual life.

Christian enterprise follows a law of moral expansion, almost as infallibly as steam itself. Every time a countryman goes to the next large town, every time an American traveller goes to Europe,—unless there is some perverseness in his stupidity, he comes back with a wider mind. Action generates action. Intellect itself seems to be a dull drudge, unless motion puts it into practical contact with affairs. It is remarkable that the three great modern inventions, of the printing-press, the mariner's compass, and gunpowder, were all substantially suggested by the Chinese; but Chinese genius turned them to no account for want of active talent. Had the Chinese been a people to throw their borders open by railroads, instead of shutting them up by a huge wall, they would have led the nations, and had the laws of human improvement at their backs. Enterprise kindles enterprise; and so, by a ceaseless progression, taking fire as it flies, unless it suffers some wicked violence from passion, it rouses the whole character to generous and healthy life.

Accordingly, as we might expect, a large enterprise, expended on facilities of intercommunication, has always accompanied national distinction. A cause for this is doubtless to be found in a profound law of the human constitution; viz., that public glory, which is always the birth of mental activity, is in the ratio of mutual knowledge; and mutual knowledge, of course, comes only of mutual contact and intermingling. The great awakening of the nations in the sixteenth century was an era of general stir and transportation. Just as Rome was becoming famous, she elaborated a work which, in costliness and dimensions, more nearly matched a modern railroad than any other ancient structure. This was the Appian Way, four hundred miles long, laid with blocks of stone, hexagonal in shape, and bedded in cement. It is known that a post-road was finished, before the days of Tertullian, from Edinburgh, in the North, to Antioch, in the East, with only two narrow marine interruptions; and travellers posted at the rate of more than a hundred miles a day. The Aurelian and Flaminian Ways multiplied still farther the channels through which Rome sent out her swift legions, till at last she had opened unobstructed paths to Savoy and Germany, Spain and Gaul, Asia and the mouths of the Danube. By the help of great ferries or inland navigation, she made even the Mediterranean islands links in the chain of open, continental intercourse. And so she compacted the greatness of her empire.

But do not imagine, that even the few and inferior highways cast up by antiquity were dedicated to the most humane purposes. Our advance has been as great in the use and objects of these ducts of travel, as in the perfection and compass of their structure. The Egyptians, who were the first road-builders, built them for the march of their armies, not for the interchange of peaceful gifts. Hatred was the motive, not humanity. And when Semiramis had completed, at immense cost, certain avenues through her empire, they never proved serviceable enough to divert, from its slow and feeble coastwise navigation, the Tyrian and Carthaginian merchandise. Greece showed concern enough for her highways to put them under the protection of her mythology: but the gods succeeded no better as superintendents of streets than as patterns of holiness; and the bemired or broken-down traveller called on Hercules and Zeus to help him out of the rut, in vain. Rome herself, in constructing her colossal ways, cared less for sending out messages of parental tenderness to her old colonies and provinces, than for marching forth her iron cohorts to subjugate new ones. It is a significant circumstance, too, that the moment barbarism reconquered civilization, and the Northern woodsmen overran Italy, they forthwith demolished the highways. True to the savage instinct, they cut off the friendly arteries of social life; put up their proclamations of "Dangerous Passing;" drew back, like banditti, into their fortified castles; perched themselves in ramparts bristling with spears; and growled at all mankind with the ferocity of tigers. So it continued in large measure through the dark ages. The feudal noble was a highway robber, sallying out from his lordly keep, and stripping the itinerant merchant, Lombard or Israelite, of his goods. Heavy tolls, imposed by the crown, were the only protection against licensed freebooters; and when these tolls, augmented as they were by many other internal tariff-exactions, proved too onerous, transportation became impracticable. In the general impetus communicated to the social energies by the crusades, Continental Europe gained some mercantile advantages; but the activity that revolutions created, war paralyzed. So late as the year 1672, Madame de Sevigny wrote that a journey from Paris to Marseilles required a month. The Simplon was the sole great industrial achievement of all Napoleon's imperial command; and, in 1810, the average number of persons transported out of Paris

into the departments, each day, was but two hundred and twenty. Take this last fact in connection with another; viz. that, on one ordinary business-day of the present month, the number of persons that went out from Boston was forty-two thousand three hundred and thirteen; or, in connection with another fact, that, between 1763 and 1835, the intercourse between London and Edinburgh is known to have been multiplied by a hundred and sixty, and in a much greater ratio during the fifteen years since; and you will have data for computing how much the simple art of transport does towards civilizing the nations.

Did travel and exchange increase in the ratio of population, and not in the ratio of transport-facilities, and had the authorities done for the Boston of fifty years ago what the Marshal has done for the Boston of to-day, it would be found, by count, that, in a single day of September, 1801, seven thousand persons should have passed in and out of the town. It is probably within limits to say, that the number was not one-tenth of that.

What we may call the art of transport, therefore, is essentially modern. The world has had some rude means of intercommunication, it is true, as long as it has had commerce; but the impulse given to transport since the middle of the last century has been at once so decisive, so original, and so transformatory of the old modes, that it may be asserted and proved, that one hundred years have done more for it than the whole preceding thousands since the creation together. As a representative fact, within this century, the travelling time from Edinburgh to Glasgow has been shortened from thirty-six hours to one hour and a half; that between Edinburgh and London, from a fortnight to twelve hours.

Mark the patient progress. Rude tribes, just emerging from the numbness of barbarism, and beginning to shake themselves into active circulation, are content with the packhorse and the mule. Then follow sledges, drays, and the roughest sort of wagons,—the weight of the conveyance itself nearly equalling the heaviest possible burden. It has been estimated, that the transition from the horse's back to the two-wheeled cart was a tenfold multiplication of power, and a tenfold reduction of cost. Carriages of more artificial construction follow, but at tedious intervals. Meantime the primitive path for these clumsy vehicles has been formed, only by removing trees, stumps, stones, and

other coarser impediments, and smoothing down the more jagged roughnesses on the surface. For any advance on this, the world had to wait thousands of years.

But, at length, as if the eye of God saw designs so vast unfolding in his hands that the old ways were inadequate, the epoch of the iron road is ushered in. No outward invention ever rushed to its completion by such rapid stages, over so broad a theatre, bringing with it changes so conspicuous. The proper introduction of that epoch was less than thirty years ago. The first extensive work wrought by steam-engines in England was that leading from Liverpool to Manchester, and was opened twenty-one years ago the past week. The first in France was commenced in 1825; the first in Belgium, in 1836; the first in the United States,—that for transporting the Quincy granite,—in 1827. The individual who petitioned for the first railroad charter is present at this moment in your assembly. Nearly three years ago, there were lines completed in the United States over six thousand miles. There are eight hundred stations in New England alone. Speed has risen from six miles an hour to seventy; and the quantity of fuel requisite for generating steam has been diminished five-sixths.

An inference deduces itself from these facts, in behalf of toleration of judgment, and a generous welcome for new ideas. Chancellor Livingston was one of the soundest men of the last generation. Yet he wrote a letter, which has unfortunately survived him, demonstrating the impracticability of steam-locomotion, on the ground that it would be impossible to check the engine! No longer ago than the year 1810, the United States House of Representatives in Congress refused Robert Fulton the use of their hall, to deliver a lecture on steam-navigation, because it contemplated a visionary project! We are not yet clear of the old bondage to prejudice that stigmatized Harvey as a quack, because he announced the circulation of the blood; persecuted Paracelsus for prescribing antimony; hooted at Peruvian bark as an invention of the devil, because Jesuits recommended it to Protestant invalids; and instigated the whole Royal College of Physicians to cast contempt on Jenner for curing small-pox by inoculation,—the man to whom a tardy gratitude has just now bethought itself of building a monument. Every benignant reform has to wrest its field from prejudice. Is it not time

we were clear of so unmanly a fraud? Do not all these proofs of resolved paradoxes, and chimeras converted into sober history, admonish us to be rid of it?

Taking up, now, this special form of enterprise that has filled this city with sight-seeing and rejoicing so recently, the Railroad, — see what a mighty bond it is, holding together all the most precious interests of civilized society, — those also which the Christian church both wants and watches.

Here is government or law, — organized order. No prosperity ever grew anywhere without it; no virtue ever held a commanding influence where it was weak. But so intricately are extensive and rapid means of locomotion interwoven with efficient laws, that you cannot expect to find the former where you do not also find the latter. You cannot imagine the co-existence of a general system of railroads and an anarchic or revolutionary populace. In the first place, too large an investment of capital is required for their construction to allow of their being built, if there were not a strong security guaranteed for them against the destruction of mobs and marauders. Then, the whole apparatus by which they are worked is so constantly exposed to embarrassment from the vast numbers of men, with various passions, whom it transports or crosses or disappoints, that it must inevitably cease by violence, unless a vigorous statute supports it. And besides, there is no species of property so indefensible by its very nature: in any popular rising, it would need an armed force from one terminus to the other to guard the track; and to such a degree is this true, that, if a country stood in apparent peril of civil insurrection or general disorder, you could no more induce its citizens to build railroads across it, than you could induce them to plant flower-beds before a herd of buffaloes. For all these reasons, you will have successful railroads, only in connection with an active government and respect for the laws.

Another of the great ideas that gather strength by social activity is liberty. Motion is freedom. The steam-whistle is a trumpet of universal emancipation. The iron rail is a more effectual lecturer against every form of oppression than any of the anti-slavery agents. Let the fifty-three thousand men of Saxon blood, whose hands are now fashioning the destinies of Christendom, be earnestly possessed by the spirit of the sublime maxim of their great representative archetype, King Alfred, — “It is just

that the English people should always remain as free as their own thoughts,"— and the bonds of human servitude are broken for ever.

Perhaps the first result of improved means of intercommunication that strikes the mass of men is the development of national, material resources. Who doubts that the earth was meant by God to yield at last the utmost increase in its capacity? We might as well expect to arrest its revolution as to nullify this divine law in its frame. The law under which this development accrues is just as simple.

Every region wants to exchange its superfluous product for value of another kind; China its superfluous tea, Oregon its furs, California its gold, Georgia its cotton, West India its coffee, Illinois its cattle, and Ohio its wheat. How to get it where it is most wanted is the problem. Often it happens that the expense of conveyance equals the original value of the article. And sometimes that expense is the sole element of price; many productions being absolutely worthless where they grow, but needed a few hundreds of miles away. Ice at Halifax and at Calcutta is an example. What was once dead ballast is a paying export. Of course, conveyance, storage, transhipment, insurance, and all the carrying service of commerce, are direct taxes on a commodity, for the consumer. Furnish a greater facility of transport, and you diffuse the benefit. Half a century ago, it cost forty shillings a ton to transport coal from Liverpool to Manchester; and, accordingly, many of the richest mining districts in England lay profitless. Now the freight is but two shillings and sixpence, and coal goes all over the kingdom. So, the civilized world over: the poor man buys with his penny what only wealth could formerly purchase with its pound; and the rural district gets back from its urban correspondent, luxuries it used to hear of only as fables, purchased now with the cheap growths in all its pastures and gardens. Even nuisances turn to use in new situations; so that, under the economy of Providence, transport is worth more than the thing transported. The daily sweepings of the streets of Aberdeen bring £600 a year more than is paid for their removal.

It is a curious illustration of providential compensation, that railroads, while they displace so much labor directly, instead of really injuring, enhance the demand for it, and heighten its value.

They encountered a bitter opposition from the friends of general industry; but more men and horses, it is found, are employed along every great railway line than it formerly took to accomplish all the transportation on the same route. It does not take a tenth part of the hands to transport a thousand men to Albany it once did; but more than ten times the thousand are to be transported. If trade is quadrupled, as it often is, so is employment for operatives. Sixty thousand men are at work roadmaking, it is said, in Germany; and the Irish, out of Ireland, may call the railroad their deliverer. Again, while the moving capital is vastly accumulated, the interest on it is abridged by speed. Railroads condense traffic in great cities; and this might prove an evil, if they did not also scatter it through the villages. The centralization of business does not force a centralization of dwellings, and thus stifle breath and undermine health; because the engine can carry a merchant twenty miles from his shop to his dinner. If the railroad tempts more travellers to withdraw time from toil, it at the same time abates the time for each, saving in length what it wastes in breadth. So it corrects the inequalities of abundance and want in different sections or countries, forestalling famines, and becoming a cupbearer between climates. The extent of this diffusion of the area of intercourse is found to be in the direct proportion of the square of the speed of locomotion.

The most striking compensation, however, pertaining to the railway system, is not in expedition, regularity, or economy, but in safety. Alarmed as the imagination often is by appalling accidents, it has been placed beyond question, that a railroad-passenger is more secure from physical harm, in proportion to the distance travelled, than the passenger by any other species of locomotion ever yet contrived. I have seen accurate tables, in which it is shown, that, while a passenger travels one mile on an English railway, the chances against his suffering a fatal accident are 65,363,735 to 1. By a similar computation, it is proved that the number of passengers who must travel a mile to cause the death of a single officer or servant employed on the road is 732,073,846. On the Belgian railroads the injuries are fewer still. And on all the railways in France, during two successive years, 1847-48, there was not the loss of a single life by accident.

In all these ways is the railroad shown to be a minister of God,

for the guidance, growth, and welfare of man, his child; of society, his family.

But there are intellectual resources to be made available, as well as these material ones. Up in the woods of Northern New York is a young boy, whose brain is full of the mathematics. It would all perish in him, but the railroad hears of him, lays hold of him, draws him to Cambridge or Yale, and he carries forward the magnificent computations of La Place, Herschell, Nichol, and Mitchell. So of the successors of Agassiz and Miller. So of poets, orators, statesmen, artists, and divines.

It deserves notice, how largely the moral dignity of life is ministered to by these modern systems of transport. Observe the intense responsibility they cast upon the inferior offices of labor. A brakeman, a fireman, a switch-tender, a guard, scarcely less than the conductor or engineer, holds the charge of a thousand lives in his hand every day. The vigilance that drives him instantly to his post, and points him to the minute-hand of the timepiece for every motion of his body, bears an awful sacredness upon it. His thoughtfulness is thoughtful for interests, affections, hopes, treasures, reaching forth, from the train crowded with human freight, to overspread the world; and commonly, under his rough outside, he has a tender feeling for these things,—a feeling that the happiness or agony of a thousand homes depends upon him,—that he carries what is more precious than rubies, dearer than the body's life, holier than death. Under the old order, common toil had no experience of trusts so solemn; and the stress of conscience that comes of it lifts the laborer into a loftier manhood.

The railroad is a school of punctuality. Compelling everybody to unquestioning conformity by its inexorable rules, quickening our uncertain motions to the accuracy of minutemen and marks-men, it produces an enormous saving-fund of time; and, both by the economy and the certainty, it gives an easier play to the whole social machinery. We are unmindful what we owe to these outward coercings of our desultory inclinations. As the world's populace grows miscellaneous and its business complicated, such a regularity must be one of the bonds, noiseless but efficacious, that hold fast its majestic order.

A period of railroads is a period of publicity. Every thing is cast into the light. The engine conspires with the telegraph,

and the telegraph with the type-foundry, to arrest each criminal. Dogged by these fearful detectives, concealment grows futile, and the transgressor despairs. Before the chill of his infamous deed in St. Louis has left his limbs, the story of it has been whispered in Boston. Policemen discuss their dark secrets across the continent. Human judiciaries become every day more vivid images of that awful Omniscience, of which it is written that "hell and destruction are open before it;" and "There is not a word in my tongue, but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether."

There are those who see, or think they see, in these marvellous energies of our times, only the puttings-forth of a sordid, carnal, materializing spirit. Every railroad track laid is but a better avenue to worldly corruption; every factory is a machine for dethroning God; every canal is a moral pitfall; and these modern idolaters, with Fulton for their Aaron, have only substituted an iron horse for the golden calf.

Let no such fears distress you. The Almighty is not to be dislodged from his sovereignty, nor his plans to be baffled by any schemes of mortal speculation. When the first attempts were made to Christianize India, the grand obstacle to the success of the missionaries seemed to be, not pagan superstition, but the grasping and worldly temper of the British colonies. Yet a little unfolding of historical effects showed that Providence knew how to turn human obduracy into his instrument. British power did what a few feeble missionaries never could; and so the rough hands of civil policy inaugurated the gospel.

We are not to be afraid of our own right arms, any more than we are to trust in them implicitly. God has use for all the physical strength he is educating, and all the material apparatus he is weaving. In the new schools for educating idiots, they develop the muscles first; then the mind. It is found, that, as the sinews strengthen, a soul begins to gleam out of the stolid face. By pain or in joy, we are to be disciplined into the knowledge that the honor of the body is its subjection to the spirit, and the glory of wealth its consecration to Christ.

"Cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people." For every highway is yet to be "the way of the Lord." For him it is made straight; for him its valleys are exalted, its hills lowered, its rough places made plain, and its crooked straight. "The way of holiness it shall

be; the unclean shall not pass over it." The standard lifted up for the people is the pure white ensign of that Providence whose "banner over us is love."

III. This Festival may be regarded as the salutation of an era of brotherhood. It is a maxim as old as Montesquieu, that the natural effect of an enlarging commerce is to consolidate peace. Everybody, that is a Christian, felt those mottoes on the scrolls and banners of our jubilee to be most truly expressive of the deep heart of the people, which reiterated the grand old aphorisms of the gospel of mercy,— "Peace on earth;" "Good-will to men;" "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." A spirit answers to watchwords like these, profounder than any inspired by war-cries or boasts of rivalry. In this advancing reign of unrestricted and righteous labor, we shall hear no more of the reckless, selfish shouts of the old French noblesse, "*After us, let the deluge come.*" The deluge came in the Revolution. A more disinterested prayer will ask, "After us, let a generation come purer than their fathers, purer *for their fathers!*"

In our steam-system, there is a twofold tendency at work, apparently self-contradictory,— the centralizing and the distributive. Practically these opposites reconcile themselves; and, by their reciprocal interaction, a social state is to be evolved quite unprecedented. Observe the process. By the centralizing influence of these great travelling facilities, the whole country is thrown into capitals; every man, from mart to frontier, becomes, for all the purposes of citizenship, an inhabitant of some busy metropolis; and, by the combined effects of a representative government, railroads, magnetic telegraphs, and newspapers, the whole country is virtually present at the seats of Legislation. Eastport and New Orleans are only the suburbs of Washington. By the distributing influence, on the other hand, it would seem that all the more aristocratic, dictatorial, and monopolizing control of cities must be frustrated. An intimacy so complete destroys the undue preponderance of power that a mere maritime commerce would lodge in the city; and by carrying everywhere abroad instantly, into villages and rural districts, every ray of intelligence that the burning-glass of city-life intensifies, restores the equilibrium. Thus the whole country is but an expanded centre, and the city reaches forth to the circumference. In a

sense better than the French socialist ever dreamed, the solidarity of the human family will be realized. Get the race into physical and intellectual proximity, and their moral union, the contact of hearts, will be sure to follow. Whatever may be said of the corporations that build and manage our railroads, they are certainly an immense democratic advance on feudal castles. Contrast the president of a railroad company with a sixteenth-century baron on his estate, and you have a graphic picture of the old civilization and the new.

What in other countries may be the choice of enterprise is with us an instinct of self-preservation. Our cluster of confederated States can never be clamped together by bands less firm than iron. Let us rather say they cannot be kept one, save by those moral fellowships, those mutual affections, those thousand offices of mutual condescension, amenity, and good-will, of which these iron bands are feeble types, as they are also favoring helpers. A territory like ours, stretching over spaces so wide, embracing interests so various, nourishing races so diverse, not only cannot sustain a united people, it cannot be kept free of terrible collisions, except its occupants know and love each other like brethren. The railroad is our moral safeguard. Nature herself has clearly signified our safety. By the channels and banks of the mighty rivers and lakes she has rolled across the land, she teaches us the benignant lesson of interchange and hospitality.

The liberal spirit that comes of a free intercourse between nations, fastens the attachment of a people to those nobler elements in national life, and those more comprehensive and cosmopolitan ideas, which are limited, as even an American must confess, to no one nation under the sun. And so it enlarges the love of country into the love of man; exalts patriotism into philanthropy. It casts up into the chief place in our esteem those universal and imperishable sentiments which are peculiar to no one little patch or narrow belt on the globe's surface, but which compass and close it in on every side, like the air in which it swims. We love our country,—or so far forth as we are Christians, we plainly ought to love it,—not only because it is our home, which were a selfish and contracted affection, but because it is the dwelling-place of convictions that we have learned to prize as our divinest heritage,—of institutions that we venerate,

as being most nearly shaped of any founded yet to the pattern in the designs of Heaven,—of men that are most freely growing into man's intended stature, and proving, by the practical embodiments of living character, what true manhood is. The more we are taught, by the changes of the times, to honor the land we were born upon for reasons like these, the more will our domestic loyalty blend itself with a world-wide charity, and strengthen itself by that wedlock. Devotion to our own government will shade itself by imperceptible degrees into a catholicity that softens towards all the households of the human tribe. Patriotism will not be less, but humanity more. And the advantage of intensity which the passion gains by being limited to a single land, will be adjusted in proportions that God can approve, with the advantage of enlargement it gains by acting broadly on the interests of the race.

The special jubilee just celebrated may stand for an example. Its meaning lies in the completed links of a new chain of intercourse between the Old England, with her colonies, and the new. Who can deny that the mother and the child need yet to know one another with a better knowledge, that they may love each with a wiser affection? The cordial concessions, elicited within a single year by the Industrial Exhibition, prove that. We have had the handiwork of the Staffordshire operatives on our tables; we have been the better for the Sheffield cutler, and the Devonshire farmer, and the Manchester weaver, and the Welsh miner. Let us be thankful to Mr. Collins and Mr. Cunard for introducing us to our benefactors.

Along with the merchandise we import, we may bring home warnings and incentives. The Old World offers us examples to be imitated; in reverence for a venerable past, in loyalty to government, in gentleness of manners, in the elegant self-command and refined reserve of its better classes, in patience of application, in thoroughness in the details of industry. Lessons like these, our free legislation, larger natural resources, more ardent enterprise, and sanguine temperament, can afford to accept teachably. With an attention equally wakeful to detect the warning, we will be admonished by old-world errors and sins; by the mischiefs of primogeniture; by high-born idleness and pride; by the terrors of unequal privilege; by famishing crowds, with no work for their hands, poaching on selfish preserves, or muttering vengeance

about frowning palaces ; by those mute prophecies of judgment, — the haggard faces of children that never were young, and of old men that find no pleasures in memory.

If it is God's purpose — and who of us can doubt that it is? — to form an age of Christian fulness and completeness for his creatures, he manifestly intends to accomplish it by shaking the nations together; running them to and fro across each other's territories over these great ducts of travel; leading them up, face to face, to view each other's works, and learn each other's truths. Notwithstanding our manifest advantages, we have not yet derived all of good we may from the old-world civilization. Some petty jealousies, natural to rival positions, have refracted the light that should shine from one to the other : this we have yet to outgrow. One of the simplest convictions, yet one of the last to be domesticated in the mind, is, that every organization has its office, which no other can fill so well, while the right occupancy of each by each is the true interest and perfection of the whole.

IV. My final proposition, then, will not be too strongly emphasized, if it declares the celebration of Christian enterprise to be a harbinger of the coming kingdom of heaven. These manifold activities that are astir about us are “building better” than they themselves know. They are the sculpture that is fashioning the earth into a counterpart or likeness of heaven. They are bringing out upon her, from a rigid block of matter, lineaments of a benignant and spiritual expression. At least, they are erecting a structure, wherein the church of Christ shall hereafter worship. Not by direct intention, but secretly and in the design of Providence, every spade that the operative strikes into the bank to level it for the rail ; every trowel that masonry plies on the culvert or the factory dam ; every hammer that welds the machinery of locomotion ; every bolt that rivets the ship-timber, — bears its part in that carving and that architecture for the future. The commonest tool that the dullest workman takes into his hand is an instrument for so sublime an issue as preparing the time when the knowledge of God shall cover the earth, as the waters the sea.

We need these new posts and carriers for publishing the old gospel. The old gospel itself does not need to be made new ; and well it does not, for, with all our ingenuity and skill, we have no

genius nor power adequate to that. That word itself is always divinely new,—fresh now as the morning when Christ wet his sandals with the dew of Olivet, and young with the vigor of an eternal youth; for “the Lord gave the word.” But none the less true is it,—truer and truer it must be every hour,—that “great is the multitude of them that publish it.”

These huge excavations, embankments, bridges, viaducts, tunnels, that now range their shoulders in line to join the hands of Montreal and Boston, will be links of charity and buttresses of righteousness. The engineer is an unconscious missionary. Over these iron paths God will roll in upon us an age of greater toleration, helpfulness, and love; and, by the swiftest ships that art is perfecting, new apostles, believing and faithful as the old, shall sail to give Heathendom the heavenly learning of the cross.

It has been a favorite figure of speech with the hopeful advocates of missions, and a lawful one, drawn from one of the grand metaphors of Scripture, to anticipate the triumphs of Christ’s religion under the image of an angel, flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to every creature. But, descending from the poetic imagination to the more authentic hope warranted by realities of experience, we may confidently believe that the gospel *is* to be published over the round world, not by an angel, but by earnest men; and borne, not by celestial wings through the air, but by railroads and steamships over the land and over the sea.

But we have duties as well as privileges. Responsibility is in the ratio of opportunity. The magnificent designs proposed by Providence, it is yours and mine to serve. Into the scene he opens with so many cheering signals we must cheerfully enter. He asks our labor and our gifts. The money that prosperity piles up, zeal must dedicate to piety, and charity distribute to want. Our enterprise must pay its willing toll to the institutions of the church. A shameful disproportion yet remains between our direct offerings to the gospel, and our subscriptions for gain. Were we half as liberal to missions as to mammon, not an uninstructed man or child would stay an alien from the Redeemer, nor one estranged prodigal be beyond the Reconciler’s promises. The whole energy of our age will yet stand baffled and palsied, except it kneels to pray, and has faith in Jesus Christ.

Restrain your enterprise by the principles of justice and the sentiments of mercy. Let not power trample on weakness, nor

wealth eat up the defenceless. The statue of the wounded Indian, borne the other day in the procession, was one of the most significant and affecting of its emblems; as if the exterminated tribes of original American nobility were there, in the sculpture, silently rebuking so much mirth by a bleeding breast. There is always a pathetic side to pageantry; an undertone of wailing human sorrow in merriment. We can all feel some sympathy with the royal and prophetic grief of Charlemagne, when he covered his face and wept, to see the sail of the Northman in the Mediterranean waters. A curse waits on all prosperity, whose sharpened appetite devours widows' houses. The least return a land so favored as ours can make is to furnish liberal asylums for its supplanted race, to set its slaves free, to undo the burdens of its helpless poor.

Teutons as we are, we shall do well to disown Teuton robberies and Teuton murders. The Saxon, wherever he goes, must forget many traits of his ancestry. He must drive out of his character the quality signified by the derivation of his name, — *Seax*, a sword. Any tool will do him more honor than that. We are not to worship Odin, the terrible god, father of slaughter; but the Lord, just and forgiving, Father of life. Our courage is not to be of that sort that drinks blood or wine out of an enemy's skull, but that rather which challenges cruelty, helps the frail, pardons wrong, or confronts it with a meek and lowly heart.

Remember that agencies of locomotion, however multiplied, cannot carry men out of the sight of God. Though they were swift as the wings of the morning, the everlasting judgment would overtake you. No discoveries or applications of the laws of matter or the principles of science can postpone one moment the law that hangs welfare on well-doing, peace on virtue, eternal life on the love of Christ. Whatsoever ye sow, ye *shall* reap. Repentance must hallow the energies of worldly strife. Regeneration must put off the old dross of mammonish ambition. Be born of the spirit, and not of the flesh, — baptized into faith, not into the world, — new creatures in the Lord Jesus; or no strength nor skill can bear you into the kingdom of heaven.

Awaken, then, to the inspiring emergencies that invite your feet. Lift up your eyes upon the field. The leader that beckons your enterprise forward is no less than the Captain of your salvation. The guide that raises the standard before your industries

is the spirit of the Lord. Send out, over the iron roads, and over the paths of the sea, by your rapid couriers, daily chronicles of a just government and a righteous people. "The highway of the upright is to depart from evil."

"The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed." There is the consummation; not human, but divine; not the proud dominion of man, but a revealing of the glory of God. Enterprise is to visit and people the earth, casting up highways even through desert and wilderness, only that in every place, God, who is a spirit, may be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

Among the splendid visions of a Hebrew prophet was one of living creatures, moving on dreadful fiery wheels, bearing up the throne of God. Whither the spirit was to go, the winged creatures went, and they turned not when they went. Their appearance was like burning coals of fire, and lamps; and the living creatures ran and returned, as the appearance of a flash of lightning. And the likeness of the firmament upon the heads of the living creatures was as the color of the terrible crystal, stretched forth over their heads above. When the living creatures were lifted up, the wheels were lifted up; and, when they went, the noise of their wings was as the voice of the Almighty.

The world waits for a realization of the vision. Into the myriad wheels of enterprise, plying so busily in all the departments of human work, must come the living spirit of the Lord; flooding them with the holy splendor of truth, overshadowing them with its wings of love, moving them when it moves, and lifting them up when it ascends, by its benignant and omnipotent will. Then will they bear on, through all the earth, over the smooth highways that Christian industry has cast up, the throne of God, conquering the rough wildernesses of suffering and sin with its gentle glory. Then may we also, even here, be suffered to catch some notes of that heavenly chant, "like the noise of great waters, as the voice of the Almighty, as the noise of a host," — "Glory and honor be unto Him that sitteth on the throne! Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of his Son."